

Letters About Literature:

Read. Be Inspired. Write Back.

A Library of Congress National Reading-Writing Promotion Program



2017-2018

Letters About Literature

Awards Ceremony

May 23, 2018

10:00 a.m.

Columbia, South Carolina



Introductions	Andersen Cook, Coordinator, South Carolina Center for the Book
Welcome	Leesa Aiken, Director, South Carolina State Library Debbie Yoho, President, South Carolina State Library Foundation
Awards	<p>Student winners will be introduced by judges.</p> <p>Winning students will read their letter and receive their award.</p> <p>Photos may be taken after each student receives the award and group photos will be taken at the end of the program.</p>
Closing	Andersen Cook

Level III (High School) Winners

3rd Place	Shay Gammon
2nd Place	Sanjana Kondapalli
1st Place	Anastayja Gladfelder

Level II (Middle School) Winners

3rd Place	Meenakshi Balachandran
2nd Place	Banks Mitchell
1st Place	Demi Del Monico

Level I (Elementary School) Winners

3rd Place	Tianna Hagood
2nd Place	Ariel Fleming
1st Place	Kiran Singpogu

Level III, 3rd Place

Shay Gammon

Dear Ned Vizzini,

I read your book, *It's Kind of a Funny Story*, between eighth grade and freshman year of high school. When I first picked it up I never realized how much it would change my life. I started reading it because my oldest sister, who I am very close to, left it at home in her stack of books when she went to college. It turns out her husband bought it for her while they were dating. I find this to be a little funny in hindsight.

Honestly, I never thought I would connect with your main character Greg, a depressed teenager who tried to kill himself and was dispatched to a psych ward. But I did. I connected with him because he reminded me of my friend, whom I will call Dexter, that ended up in a mental hospital. Dexter never told me he was going to the hospital, so when he disappeared for a week my friend Nicole and I thought he may have committed suicide. The following week Dexter was back in our lives and seemed like himself again—except he was more annoying than ever. In a way your book helped me understand Dexter.

Sadly, unlike Greg, Dexter hated the mental hospital and never made any friends there. In fact, the hospital actually caused his depression to worsen. He lied to his loved ones and said the mental treatment made everything better. In reality, Dexter dreaded to return. The mental hospital scared him so much that he feared he might end up like the people he observed in there. His roommate, for example, wet the bed every night due to severe anxiety. Consequently, Dexter decided he was better off without anyone's help and stopped taking his antidepressants. Of course that made things worse. (I can happily say he is currently doing much better.)

Even though I never fell into a pit of depression as large as Dexter's or Greg's, I have experienced it. I may not have wanted to kill myself, but I did feel alone. In fact, I felt abandoned—by friends and family. My oldest sister and I shared a bedroom for three years. So when she started dating her husband, I felt like she left me for him and that he was somehow better than me. Looking back, I realize how silly that was. In a few months I will be one of two maids of honor at their real wedding celebration. (They had to marry this past spring at a justice of the peace before the Navy shipped her husband to the Middle East.) The situation is funny, since her

husband was the one who bought your book and unknowingly provided me with a guide to depression and how to have empathy for others. I have learned that relationships are like a fire. They can burn out when ignored or grow stronger when fed. Your book ultimately reconnected me with my sister at a deeper level and fed our relationship.

To this day I struggle with bouts of depression. It usually hits me in the summer, since I am not kept busy by school work. Even now with my junior year starting up, I still battle depression. Honestly, it feels like I wake up one day without energy or purpose to live, but the next day deem myself ready to conquer the world. I don't understand why or how this happens. I try to motivate myself with small breaks and then push forward, but nothing works.

You see a few months ago at the end of my sophomore year some classmates started several rumors about me. It was hard to deal with. I left that school after two years and am trying to make it work by returning to homeschooling. Even though I do not attend that school anymore, kids continue to spread rumors about me. Honestly, it is one girl in particular. She insisted I just used people. And she has, in fact, meddled with two of my dating relationships. It has been a long year already and now it feels like I am going to have another long one. I thought the days of people tampering with my life were over.

When I left that school, I thought I could finally escape from people saying things that are not true. Even though I know they are not true, lies get to me and trigger depression. *It's Kind of a Funny Story* got me through my depression once. I'm trusting that it can do it again.

Most importantly though your book encouraged me to connect with the people I love. You nursed me through a rough patch and allowed me to feel understood, like I was not alone. That is one of the greatest gifts someone can give. *It's Kind of a Funny Story* is probably the only book that I have ever felt a personal connection with. It is a story written just for me. I will always appreciate that. So from the bottom of my heart—thank you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Shay Gammon". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending from the end.

Shay Gammon, Grade 11

Level III, 2nd Place

Dear Hans Christian Andersen,

When I was in kindergarten, I didn't have many friends. Being the only Indian girl in my class, I never really fit in with anybody else. My black hair and dark brown eyes did not match the golden blonde hair and bright blue eyes that all the other girls had. I didn't go to church every Sunday or celebrate Christmas. And for the longest time, I pretended to be someone I'm not. I made my parents put up a Christmas tree and put out cookies for Santa. In hindsight, it was foolish but I thought if I wore what the other girls were wearing and did what the other girls did, I wouldn't be any different from them. But even with my attempts to fit in, it never felt right. I still felt like there was a piece of my life missing. Your book helped me find that missing piece.

One night, I was running around the house singing which at that time was more like screaming. My mom tried to tell me to go to sleep, but I wasn't tired and I didn't want to sleep. So my mom told me that she would read me a bedtime story. I was so excited; I went to my bookshelf and picked out Cinderella. I sat on my bed and waited for her to start reading, but she said she wanted to read me a new book. I was so mad at her, I told her I didn't want her to read to me anymore. But I'm so happy she did because she ended up reading me your book, *The Ugly Duckling*. At first, I didn't understand why she was reading it to me. I felt like it was targeting the duckling for being different. It related to me since I always stood out at school and for a minute, I became the ugly duckling. The wild ducks taunted the ugly duckling asking it, "What sort of a one are you?" and said that the ugly duckling was "remarkably ugly". The ugly duckling didn't know what to say and started to believe that it was ugly. I remember one time in 1st grade where this boy came up to me and asked why my hair was so dark. I didn't know what to say. I didn't know why my hair was darker than everyone else's. I froze, not making a sound, unable to move. I was ashamed for standing out and being unlike. I started to feel, like the duckling, that "I am so ugly!".

But seeing the ugly duckling bloom into a ravishing swan was spectacular. By the end, I thought the story was so adorable that I made my mom read it to me everyday for at least a month. It was more than just a book to me. In that moment, I realized I didn't need to hide behind a mask anymore. I spent so long shutting out my Indian heritage by trying to blend in that I masqueraded as someone I'm not in order to conform. But being Indian didn't make me uglier than anyone else, rather, it made me unique in the best way possible. So from that day forward, I tried to embrace my heritage with open arms. I'm not going to lie, it was hard to accept everything about myself. Everything was new and uncharted territory, but it was also exciting.

I started to connect to my Indian heritage. It was surreal at first to start learning about something that I was clueless about, but somewhere along the road it started to feel natural. My mom convinced me to start Bharatanatyam lessons which was the most amazing thing that could have ever happened to me. I learned about my Indian culture and was able to discover myself in the process. At the end of the book, when the kids are saying how beautiful the ugly duckling was, he rejoiced. He cried out, "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!" and that is how dance makes me feel. To this day, it makes me feel safe, beautiful,

and accepted. I made friends who are like my family now. But not only did it connect me to a new family, it also connected me more to my family in India. My grandparents in India never really had anything to talk to me about. We just had nothing in common; their life was full of Indian culture and mine had none. They would tell me about their trip to the temple or the food they ate last night and I could never relate. They ate rice and roti and I ate pizza and bread. But dance was a passion that we shared and it allowed me to connect with them in a way I was never able to do before. I still remember how excited and proud they were when they saw me dance. It created a bond between us that allowed us to become closer. After I started dance, we started talking a lot more. Now when they talk about the temple, I can tell them about the new dance I'm learning.

After starting dance, I started to expand my horizons past Bharatanatyam to other aspects of Indian culture as well. Each Bharatanatyam dance tells a story. So while learning each dance, I was able to understand the religious Hindu stories and I became more curious to learn more. I started to go to the temple more which made me become more religious. I also started to enjoy Indian food more. I never used to eat Indian food; when my parents were eating daal rice, I would eat a sandwich instead. After reading your book, I decided to give Indian food a chance and I loved it! Now, my day isn't complete without eating a steaming bowl of daal rice.

Reading your book has become a habit to me now. Whenever I ever feel lost or confused, I find comfort in your book. It gives me a sense of identity and a sense of security knowing that even though I may look different, I'm as beautiful as everybody else. It gives me the confidence to be myself. Your book truly opened up a plethora of opportunities for me. It has connected me to so many people and opened my eyes to my true self and I can't thank you enough for that. Thank you for giving me the confidence I needed to be myself and spread my wings. Thank you for showing me that I'm not just The Ugly Duckling I thought I was. Thank you for helping me find my missing piece.

Thank you,
Sanjana Kondapalli

Level III, 1st Place

Dear Rupī Kaur,

My adolescent years have been filled with misery, heartbreak, and disconnection. There were moments where I would not get out of bed, I would force myself to eat so I did not anger my mother, there are still moments I lie to my friends- telling them my mom said no, that I could not accompany them because of whatever excuse. There wasn't a way I could express myself on my own, there was no way I could explicit my emotion and have somebody understand a single word that I was saying. I felt like I had no control over my own body, over my entire self. I come from a caring family, however there are definitely moments that I could question how they feel about me. For the longest time, I had remembered every detail of my bedroom from almost never trudging down those steps. I was so tired of myself, I was so embarrassed of my own self. I had resulted to self-harm, and still, not one member of my family understood why. I had always been told to stop because it was a "trend" and I was just following along. My misery reached a new peak nearly every day. One day, literature opened my eyes, and I was guided to you.

In your book, "Milk & Honey," you described how I felt in words that I could not piece together myself as I fought myself over heartbreak or neglect. Your section about heartbreak affixed me immediately. I could not help myself, I thought about the alleged love I had lost, I'd bawl into the palms of my hands until I could not cry anymore, until my tear-stained cheeks were a shade of crimson from drying away the tears with my sweatshirt sleeve far too many times. I had never felt so small. My first thoughts of your book were unfavorable; however, I had not thought about the meaning behind your poetry, I had not once thought it was your struggle and your involvement on multiple pages. I had not realized how akin heartbreak could be between more than one person until I fixated on the words you displayed in black ink, the words between the covers of your book. "The Healing" section of the book soothed my sobs, and it quieted the fighting in my head for the longest time.

I finally found those golden words that made me change the way I thought about my situation. "Do not look for healing at the feet of those who broke you." To me, these words told me to move on. It made me realize that they were no longer the key to my temporary happiness, and that I needed to stop thinking that the thing that broke me could fix me as well. It affected me for the better, I no longer felt like I needed somebody else to fix me, to make me happy. I finally found it in myself to make myself happy. I found it in myself to change.

That one sentence has successfully brought me to a mental place that I am happy to be, from your limericks to your blank verses. You inspired me to write, and I am happy with my poetry even if others are not. Do you feel the same way about your work? Poetry, as it turns out, happens to be the emotional and mental exemption that I have been longing for. Ms. Kaur, you are the very reason for my juvenile work to ever exist. Those thirteen words have brought me farther than I ever thought words could take me.

My greatest thanks,

Anastayja Gladfelder

Level II, 3rd Place

Dear C. S. Lewis,

This summer I had trouble finding a book that kept me happy and occupied. I read many good ones, but none of them spoke to me as much as your book, *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*. While reading this one I was also in the middle of both *The Silver Chair* and *The Magician's Nephew*. Honestly I read *The Chronicles of Narnia* three years ago, but remembering how much I enjoyed them, I decided to reread each one.

Of all the characters from *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, I like Lucy best. She made me realize that I favor lovable characters. Because of this, even by the end of the story when Edmond was redeemed, I still had a strong disliking for him. Unfortunately I have met many people in my lifetime who are like him, such as my sister, Amrithaa, who can be very stubborn at times. Peter and Susan seem like responsible children. I admire this trait, because as the eldest of three children, this is a quality I strive to cultivate. I also love the way you link Aslan to God. He is the heart of the story, infusing truth and life throughout it.

Aslan helped me dig deep into *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* and showed me to have faith in my leaders. A month ago I started doubting my parents and what they have taught me over the years. I wondered if they had ever experienced what I was going through: friends who left me behind to spend time with each other. After ignoring my parent's advice for weeks, I finally gave in, followed their advice, and told my friends how I felt. That certainly got me somewhere. I now know that my parents understand me, and that I should continue to trust them.

Another lesson I learned from Narnia is not to betray family. I like to impress others, so if a friend teases one of my siblings, I join in. Thankfully I learned this brings pain and suffering not only to them but also my parents.

Your Narnia tales showed me that when something is wrong I should ask for help. Recently, I needed help with a mean classmate. At recess she did not treat me well. Two teachers were on the playground, but I felt embarrassed to mention it. My parents encouraged me to speak

to them. When I finally had the confidence to tell my teacher, she helped me resolve the problem. I regret not asking for help sooner.

People like me believe everything they're told—even if it's highly unlikely. Towards the beginning of the school year, we had student elections for class president. All my friends told me I should be president, and that they wouldn't run. I foolishly believed them, and unfortunately each girl ran. The boys, wanting a fun president, all voted for one boy, while each girl voted for herself. Aslan taught me not to believe everything I hear.

Overall rereading *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* proved to be a significant learning experience. I have been writing fictional stories in school, so I reflected on how you wrote the Narnia stories. I wrote about a bear, and used personification the way you did. Because of your thorough descriptions I easily travelled to Narnia in my mind's eye. In fact, I read most of the book in a closet full of jackets to keep myself in the wardrobe mood.

I find Aslan to be your most encouraging character. He is practically everything I find it hard to be—brave, meek, and understanding. When I feel tired and hopeless, I usually lash out at others, unable to calm down and think rationally, like I should. Aslan has taught me to have a sense of right and wrong. I deeply felt Lucy and Susan's grief, misunderstanding, and anger when Aslan sacrificed himself. When I first read *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* in third grade, I was too young to understand what you were trying to convey. I spent weeks reading it just to know the story. But honestly, I didn't understand it. Now that I am old enough to appreciate the beauty, depth, and lessons, *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* have become embedded in my life. Your writing style and life examples show me how I should live.

I sincerely thank you for writing the Narnia series. *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* is on my definitely-recommend-to-a-friend-list.

Sincerely,

Meenakshi Balachandran

Meenakshi Balachandran, grade 7

Level II, 2nd Place

Dear Jean Craighead George,

How brave your lead character, Sam Gibley, was in *My Side of the Mountain* to venture on his own with only a penknife, ball of cord, some flint and steel, an ax, and forty dollars. As he ran away from his crowded New York City to the quiet Catskill Mountains in search of great-grandfather Gibley's land, Sam must have experienced many emotions. That fear, anxiety, and even excitement about a pending quest are quite familiar to me.

As a matter of fact, Sam's journey reminded me of some of my favorite outdoor experiences, such as long hikes up Mount Mitchell, and even camping beside Little Pee Dee Lake. I thoroughly enjoy camping near a lake, listening to geese honk as they fly by, watching squirrels frolic throughout the day, hearing water lap against the shore as wind rustles the leaves, and eavesdropping on crickets chirping at night. I relate to your book in so many ways, because I love the outdoors.

Sometimes it is nice to be alone in the woods, gathering my thoughts and escaping the noise of life—to be still and quiet for a bit. Sam's story inspired me to journey outside more and enjoy the simpler things in life, like fishing on a lake, or watching birds fly, or even studying clouds as they drift.

While I have never struck out on my own for twelve months, I can see how it would be refreshing for a short period of time; however, there must have been something weighing heavily on Sam's mind for him to stay away from home up in the mountains for a whole year. He warned his father he was leaving, but his father did not believe him.

I can't imagine leaving my family for a year. And I doubt they would encourage me to. Even though I think it would be neat to live on the land, I could not bare the thought of not seeing my family for such a long time.

Your book showed me how important it is to be alone in a safe place. We all need to relax our minds and have time to reflect on life. One way I do this is by fishing. Dad, Papa, Brother,

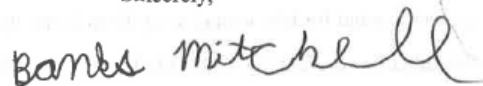
and I use to take our boat out every week for a whole year to “the jungle”—a fishing spot twenty miles off the coast of the Atlantic Ocean.

As I write I can taste the salt water spray my face and smell the squid and mullet bait as we head out. I usually drove for the 45 minute trip to the fishing hole while Dad prepped the fishing tackle, Papa sat back enjoying the ride, and Brother helped Dad or battled sea sickness. It was a special season in our lives. We caught black sea bass, grouper, red snapper, and blond bass. Sadly, I have not been in the boat consistently for a long while now. Dad has been super busy with work, and the weather has not cooperated.

I miss that time—just me and the ocean—the rolling waves, sun on my neck, sea turtles cruising about, and dolphins and seagulls playing near the boat. Sam’s mountain retreat must have been as comforting as my ocean memories. He created a life of solitude in the mountains, while I nurtured mine on undulating waves. Although he probably got lonely, he had wilderness critters to keep him company, like gulls and fish did for me. His amazing relationship with Frightful, a peregrine falcon, proved to be good company for Sam. While a safe place to be alone is important, so are good company and meaningful conversation.

After a whole year of being alone, how joyous Sam’s reunion with his family must have been! While *My Side of the Mountain* encouraged me to get outside when I need it to clear my thoughts, I wholeheartedly believe there is absolutely nothing better than being together as a family unit. Family devotion is like a bow that points you in the right direction and stretches far.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Banks Mitchell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,".

Banks Mitchell, grade 8

Level II, 1st Place

Dear Ms. Peppernell,

I very much enjoyed your book *Pillow Thoughts* and it is now one of my new favorite books. It changed my point of view on life and reality in general. For me I can connect with your book but I think in a different way than I feel like you intended for it to be. My mom had passed away and I started searching for some books to read just to see if I could get the thought off my mind and I have not been in the best of place lately. When I was searching for a book to read, I honestly was not intending on reading a poetry book. I saw your book and flipped through the pages and read some of them and I related to some of them. When I bought your book I was so excited to read it. When I got home I pulled it out and started reading it. I fell in love and could not stop reading it. I read it until I finally got tired and fell asleep, but the next morning I woke up and started reading it again in the morning. I got to the end and wanted to read it again. One of the pages I read had stuck with me and for some reason was very important for me it is, "I knew what I was going to say; I had rehearsed my goodbye over and over, but you left without a word."

Your book is helping me through a hard time in my life. It is also making me realize that people take and can take so many things for granted in

their in their life. I have taken love, trust, and peoples words for granted. Your book is something special to me, it is opening my eyes and mind to so many other things. Things that I had never felt or understood before, all the different chapters in your book had or was meant for different feelings for different people. My favorite chapter is "If you need encouragement" because at the time I really did need encouragement because of so many things and it really made me feel so much more than just encouragement. It made me feel for myself but for others to, such as sympathy, empathy, compassion, passion, and many others. Your book showed me that everyone has their own struggles and different ways of feeling things.

I look around today in our society we live in and sometimes just in my classroom, and I look at how different everyone is in there own way. I look at how okay that is and that it doesn't matter, and yes we make mistakes and judge people and have our own opinions, but at the end of the day what I have learned is that everyone is perfectly imperfect. Your book is one of the few books that I will hold onto and read over and over again to remind myself of that, and to keep me going through the toughest, hardest days. Some days I might just feel like reading a section of it to read for fun

or to just relax and chill after a long day. Your book has made me look differently on the world in a positive way and hope to spread the word about your book. I enjoyed your book very, very much and will reread it many times. I hope to be seeing a second book of Pillow Thoughts so I can enjoy that as well.

Sincerely,

Demi Del Monico

Level I, 3rd Place

Dear Esther Wood Brady,

Ever since I was a little girl I was afraid to do everything, from climbing a ladder to swimming. I thought to myself every day I would never learn how to be brave. Your book *Toliver's Secret* changed how I thought about being brave though.

In your book, *Toliver's Secret* Ellen showed true bravery. When I read your book I thought, "Wow how can a girl that is younger than me be that brave?" Ellen helped me understand that if you need or want to do something enough even if it seems scary you can do it! She showed me that that being afraid keeps you from following your dreams and getting what you want in life.

Your book also taught me to stand up for myself and others. If I or another person is being bullied I need to stand up for them and myself. No matter if the person I am standing up to looks like they are going to shove me in a locker.

I know that when I continue to grow I will remember what your book taught me about being courageous. I will always be courageous in life when something comes my way. I want to thank you for writing this brave story.

Sincerely,

Tianna Hagood, Grade 5

Level I, 2nd Place

Dear David Arnold,

Great things have never come from comfort zones- something I've always been taught but never listened to. I didn't know *how* to escape that little area we call the comfort zone. But what I've realized is, there is an abundance of opportunities outside of it, all waiting for me to come and find them.

Before I picked up your book, "Mosquitoland", I would have never thought of taking risks or voicing my opinions. But Mim has showed me that it is possible, and I can do it. That it's okay to, I don't have to spend life never doing what I've always wanted.

Perhaps not the, running away from home, hopping on multiple Greyhound busses as a young teenager alone to visit my supposedly sick Mother all the way in Ohio kind of risks- but risks, for me and my dreams. You- and of course Mim- have showed me to let go- to stop being so uptight. To not care so much. Things I've never been able to do in my eleven years of living.

It wasn't much of a surprise to me that it was a book that opened me up, seeing as I've always used books to fill the empty void inside of me since the first grade. But I didn't figure it would ever happen, seeing as I am about as timid as a young doe, I would have guessed I'd live forever uninterrupted within my microscopic comfort zone. It truly is strange how much I have vicariously through books, never thinking I could ever actually live outside of all those books.

You have showed me there is a difference between breathing, and genuinely living, and I couldn't thank you more for the (*positive*) change you have made in me, hopefully forever. I don't know if I could have ever achieved that without this life changing book to get me there. It has done something to me that no other human being could have ever done. It has changed me. It has bettered me for the long run.

Perhaps I'll never be quite as spontaneous as Mim- or never meet anybody nearly as lovely as Walt or Arlene. Never find the person who I believed was my soulmate, like Mim and Beck. Even have that terrible of an experience that Mim had with the Poncho Man. But that's alright. I am content with who and what I am, able to take risks for the better, even if I could never take risks quite like Mim. But I have been shown how to step out of my comfort zone, to truly live. And I thank you for that.

In much appreciation,
The one person whose life you know you've changed
-Ariel, Grade 5

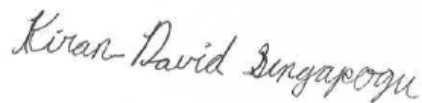
Level I, 1st Place

Dear Adam Larkum and Anna Claybourne,

I greatly enjoyed your book *The History of Inventions*. I would like to share some of the things I admired about your book. First, I found your book extremely helpful because you provided very specific information. I appreciated details such as when, where and who invented the items. Second, you didn't merely describe how the inventors made their inventions. Instead, you also shared the stories behind the inventions. The third thing that made your book exceptional was the pictures. The text was beautifully complimented by the illustrations which gave excellent support to the written information. I also enjoyed the diversity of your book, especially the information about non-traditional inventions. I was intrigued by the arc lamp described on page 38, which lit up when electricity jumped across a narrow gap in the circuit. In your book, you pointed out that some inventions are simply improvements on previous inventions. It is important to give credit to those who work to improve upon and enhance original inventions. The final thing that made your book unique and interesting was that you described inventions that unfortunately were unsuccessful. This information I gleaned from your book inspired me to keep working even when some of my ideas are not successful.

From reading your book, I was moved and motivated to make an inventor's journal. I already have some inventions in mind. I have spoken to other people to get their feedback on my ideas. I hope to begin creating prototypes soon. In fact, I recently contacted Kitchen Aid® (previously known as Cochran's Crescent Washing Machine Company), who I hoped would sponsor me in my interesting, invention. Unfortunately, I have not heard back from them. After reading your fascinating book, I have begun to look at the art of inventing differently and I hope to play a role in the history of inventions and enhance the world around me in the same way that Thomas Edison and others of his caliber did in their day.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Kiran David Singapogu". The ink is dark and the writing is fluid, with the first letters of each word being capitalized and slightly larger.

Kiran David Singapogu

2017-2018 Judges

Level 1

- Tamara Cox,
- Rebecca Antill, Youth Services Consultant, South Carolina State Library
- Dr. Patricia Feehan, Professor Emerita, USC School of Library and Information Science

Level 2

- TJ Wallace, Assistant Director, SC Humanities
- Chuck Baker, Library Media Specialist,
- John Myers,

Level 3

- Kim Jeffcoat, Director of Development, USC College of Arts & Sciences
- Jimmie Epling, Director, Darlington County Public Library System
- Dr. Dianne Johnson-Feelings, Professor, USC English Language and Literature

Prize money generously provided by



Improving Literacy Through a Strong Foundation

The South Carolina State Library Foundation supports and advocates for libraries and literacy awareness by fostering collaborations with public and private partnerships that enhance lifelong learning for all patrons and South Carolinians.

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Ray Sharpe



Tally Parham



Pat Feehan

Notes

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About ReadSC

The South Carolina Center for the Book

The South Carolina Center for the Book is the South Carolina Affiliate of the Library of Congress Center for the Book and is a cooperative project of the South Carolina State Library, the University of South Carolina School of Library and Information Science and South Carolina Humanities. The Center is located at 1500 Senate Street, Columbia, SC.

The South Carolina Center for the Book celebrates South Carolina's rich literary heritage and brings public attention to the importance of books, writers, and reading.

The South Carolina Center for the Book envisions a state where there is a community focus on the joy and value of reading.

